Horse Racing in America

BY FREDERIC J. HASKIN.

Although horse racing is the sport of kings, of late it has fallen in evil lines. In most of the States of the Union it is unlawful to bet on races, and, therefore, races are not run. Tennessee is the last State to put up the legal bars, but in that case an attempt will be made to have a bettingless meeting. Missouri and Illinois and Indiana had a hard fight to enforce the anti-race track gambling laws, but they were enforced, and in those States racing is no more.

In only eight States is racing now carried on—this refers to running races, of course—but there are a few others where racing is legal, and may be instituted at any time. New York, Kentucky, Louisiana, California, Oregon, Montana, Maryland, and the District of Columbia are now the "cities of refuge" for the ponies, the jockeys, and the touts. In Massachusetts there are the steeplechases, which are great annual events. In Pennsylvania and Delaware there is an effort being made to get laws which will permit racing on an easy basis. In Georgia the laws are favorable, but there has been little racing.

South Carolina and Virginia were the early homes of the thoroughbred, and Charleston was the site of the first regular race course in this country. A proposition to construct a course at Charleston and to rehabilitate racing there is now being considered. Virginia has put up the legal barriers. Kentucky is the only one of the oldtime breeding States which still permits racing, and the Blue Grass State is now the home of the best horses in the world.

The decadence of racing is probably chargeable to the two things that have done more than anything else to aid the progress of other sports and endeavors—the newspaper and the telegraph. These two made the poolroom possible, and the poolroom has proved an unmixed evil. It has ruined thousands by its attractions for gambling, it has injured racing, and it has brought genuine sportsmen into disrepute. If it had not been for the evils of the poolroom, there is little doubt that racing would have as high standing now as it had forty years ago. The poolrooms not only brought public opinion to bear against the race track, but its effect on racing itself was pernicious. The all-the-year-racing, the interminable number of cheap races, and the almost incredible multiplication of scandals may be traced, in large part, to the poolroom, the hand-book, and all the other devices of the get-rich-quick race gamblers.

The development of the thoroughbred in the United States makes a story of absorbing interest. Bulle Rock was the first blooded horse brought to America, so far as authentic records establish. He was sired by the Darley Arabian, first dam by Byerly Turk, was foaled in England in 1718, and imported into Virginia in 1730, by Samuel Patton and Samuel Gist. For many years Virginia and the Carolinas were the only colonies which interested themselves in horses for sport. Their citizens were sprung from the gay cavaliers, and they inherited their love of sport from their fathers. In New England the stern Puritan blood frowned upon almost every kind of diversion. In New York the Dutch were content to sit on the stoop with pipe and mug. The first horses of any kind brought to America came with Columbus on his second voyage in 1493. The first horses landed in what is now the United States were put off on the coast of Florida in 1527 by Cabeza de Vaca. These became the founders of the race of wild horses in America. Jamestown received a stallion and six mares in 1609, the New Netherlands had work horses from Amsterdam sixteen years later, and in 1629 there was a cargo of utility horses landed at Boston.

But the Jamestown colony was to be the one to foster the blooded horse. The name of every member of the original King's Council of Jamestown appears in the American Stud Book, their descendants being owners of thoroughbred stallions or mares—so general was the breeding industry gone into by the sons of the original Virginians. Lath and Wildair were two thoroughbreds imported into New York about 1765 by Mr. De Lancey, but they later went to Virginia also. Regular racing meetings were held in Virginia as early as 1750, and George Washington's name appears as a judge at a race meeting before he won his laurels in the French and Indian war in 1753.

However, the first actual racing organization was formed in Charleston, S. C., on February 19, 1760. A club was organized and a course laid out, and named Newmarket Course. This was followed in 1791, immediately after the formation of the government under the Constitution by the brilliant South Carolina Jockey Club. This club had a wonderful career, and its house was the very capitol of the sporting fraternity of America for many years. The war between the States ended it all. When Washington was President there were crowds of thousands of richly dressed people at the Charleston meetings. Respectable strangers from abroad, or from other States, were not allowed to pay any entrance fee, and were immediately made guests of the club and given a ribbon to indicate that for the wearer everything was free—a pretty and generous hospitality which would require a twentieth century billionaire to foot the bills in these twentieth century times.

The first race horse to attract national attention, probably, was Col. William Washington's Shark. Being raced by the nephew of the President, and having developed a wonderful speed, Shark was the idol of the Carolinas. He was the first American horse to be honored with a monument to mark his burial place. The marble slab sets forth his glorious record on the turf, and stands at the site of the old Jamesville race course at Clarendon, near the seat of James B. Richardson, of South Carolina.

The first real racing around New York began in 1819. A course had been laid out in Washington City in 1802, and racing began in the District of Columbia only two years after government began there. In 1823 the first of the great North and South match races was run. It was the result of the defeat of Sir Charles by American Eclipse at Washington in the fall of 1822. Col. William R. Johnson, of Virginia, the "Napoleon of the Turf," then challenged the New Yorkers to a national race at New York. John C. Stevens, a kinsman of Walter Livingston, who was racing American Eclipse, accepted the gage. A purse of $20,000 a side was put up, and the race was practically "Eclipse against the world"—the Long Island horse thus proving a worthy successor to the great English Eclipse, whose owner on a wage placed "Eclipse first, the rest nowhere."

There were some 60,000 people to see the race, and the entire United States was in a fever of excitement concerning its outcome, slowly as news went in those early days. The Southern favorite was hurt on the long trip to New York Col. Johnson dined too well on lobsters and wine the night before, and couldn't be at the track. The South centered its hopes on Sir Henry. He won the first heat of four miles, Eclipse won the second, and in the third, the Northern horse led all the way. The cynical John Randolph of Roanoke turned away and said: "It was not Eclipse, but the lobsters that beat Sir Henry." So firmly did the Southerners believe that their defeat was only a "little hard luck," that they tried to match another race for $20,000 a side, but the New Yorkers refused, because of the gambling feature being so prominent.

In those days the long four-mile heat races which required a horse to make from eight to sixteen miles in a single race, were the popular feature. Aged horses had the advantage then, and the turf was a very different thing from what it has been since the rise of the sprinters. The national course at Washington was patronized by every President from Jefferson to Van Buren. Col. Tayloe, of Mount Airy, was the head of the institution, and Gabriel Duvall, a justice of the United States Supreme Court, was also a member of the jockey club. Andrew Jackson, always a great turfman, while President, entered a colt in the name of his secretary, Maj. Donelson, and was infuriated when the purse was won by Commodore Stockton's Langford.

The oldest course in the West was that established at Lexington, in the heart of the Blue Grass, of Kentucky, in 1826, and at which meetings were held regularly until a few years ago. Not even the civil war stopped the sport there, meetings being held twice each year, except in 1862, when Kirby Smith's army was encamped on the course at the time for the fall meeting. The first great match race in the West was at Louisville, in 1839, when Wagner, a Louisiana horse, defeated Gray Eagle. There was an immense crowd, and the people of the whole State were excited about it. Henry Clay was the center of a crowd of a score of Senators, governors, and judges who came to see the race. Not a Kentuckian bet a dollar on Wagner, but the Louisiana horse won the race. This great race was to be repeated in that particular feature just fifty years later, when Spokane beat Proctor Knott in the Kentucky Derby, and all Kentucky went dead broke.

The great North-against-the-South race of 1842, when Fashion defeated the Southern horse, Boston; the Peyton Stakes run in Nashville, in 1843, richer than any American stakes ever before run, and equal to the English Derby and St. Leger, in which J. Kirkman's Peytona defeated Wade Hampton's Herald; the famous performances of Black Maria—these are but a few of the great racing events of the United States before the civil war, which were run over and over again in tavern conversations for twenty or thirty years.

To-morrow—"Horse Racing in America," Continued.

HIS DELAYED PROPOSAL

BY H. M. KERNER.

For a moment Nell's hand faltered; pounding of the machines and the endless click of the shifting stencils seemed to pierce her very brain. She cast a quick glance down the long workroom of the Rotary Addressing Company.

Out through the windows at the other end could be seen a patch of blue sky, blurred now and then by a puff of steam from the pipes of the adjoining building; a modest seven-story structure. Here and there some building larger than their own reared its head to cut the skyline, and through the open window there came occasionally sounds from the street below, sharp notes in the monotone of the machines.

Within, long rows of girls leaned over their work, their deft fingers forcing envelopes into the hungry maws of the machines with only a pause now and then when a fresh stack of stencils were needed. Between the aisles paced the sharp-eyed forewoman. A man had been in charge of the room once, but the firm had found that he was too easy, too commiserate of the women under his supervision, and they had moved him into the office, sending in his stead the angular Miss Pettit, who forced the girls in her charge to the limit of their endeavors. Her sharp eye detected Nell's pause.

"Burrowes," she called acidly. She never wasted time on "Miss." "If you have one of your silly headaches, put in your time at the office and go home. This is no hospital."

Nell's nervous fingers clutched a fresh package of envelopes, and the pounding of her machine added its noise to that of the others. She could not afford to go home. The pittance that came to her each Saturday was little enough without indulging the luxury of an afternoon off.

Jimmy Nelson, coming into the room to consult with Miss Pettit about an order, looked with kindly sympathy at the tired girl. When he had had charge of the room, he had been more gentle. She had told him something of her story in the noon intervals, when he had insisted upon standing treat to hot coffee to augment the scanty sandwich that usually constituted her lunch. Coffee cost 5 cents a day, and the errand girl who made the trips to the lunchroom must be tipped in addition. The Rotary Addressing Company paid only from $3 to $5 a week, and coffee was a luxury to those who did not live at home.

There had been a time when Jimmy had dreamed of a little flat wherein Nell should be mistress. That was just after he had been promoted to the office and had had his salary raised to $15 a week. He had lacked the courage to make his proposal in person, and had written her a note.

"I shall consider silence a polite negative," he had added.

Once Jimmy had aspired to the stage, and he had obtained the phrase from the advertisements in the dramatic papers that he studied with religious care. It had struck him as being a phrase of singular elegance. She need not refuse him. She could just ignore the note. He was sorry afterward that he had not asked for an answer. It would have been something to keep. As it was, she was as pleasant as ever to him, treating him with the same old friendliness and giving no hint of her reason for the refusal of his offer.

He longed to repeat it. He wanted to be able to take her out of the place, from under the very nose of Miss Pettit, yet he lacked the courage to speak, and he contented himself with coming into the room as often as his business with the forewoman gave him an excuse. Of course, it would never do for the office force to chum with the girls from the operating room during the noon hour, and in the evening it was Jimmy's duty to see that all were out before he locked up.

So Nell struggled on. Just so many thousand envelopes must be completed to constitute a minimum day's work. A record was made each evening, and the advancement or reduction of salary depended upon that. She had barely managed to complete the task when the gong struck and the girls began to cover their machines and put their tables in order. Nell staggered slightly as she took the last of her work to the timekeeper, who entered her record in the book. Miss Pettit eyed her sharply as she went back to her machine.

"Unless you are feeling better you had better not come to-morrow," she said crossly. "I can put on another girl who will make faster use of the machine."

"I will be all right in the morning," Nell answered. Miss Pettit could not know that the girl had had no breakfast. There had been medicine to buy, and until pay day came again she would have to walk to her home and make dry bread serve for food.

She was slow in preparing for the street, and even Miss Pettit had gone when she stepped into the elevator. The street was dark and lonesome. Most of the places had closed at 5, and there were few persons moving along the narrow strip of sidewalk as she stepped out.

On the corner a little knot of people had gathered about some object of interest, and she peered curiously over the shoulder of the office boy in front of her. The next moment she was pushing the men aside.

Miss Pettit had slipped upon the greasy sidewalk, and lay moaning and half unconscious with pain. The girls had all gone on and a bootblack was trying to make her comfortable until the attention of a policeman could be attracted.

Nell pushed him away and took the woman's head into her lap, disposing her so that the wrenched ankle was more comfortable. Then she turned to the lad who had stuck to her side, determined to at least share the interest with the newcomer.

"It is my forewoman," she said. "Run up to the Rotary Addressing Company and ask Mr. Nelson to come quick."

The lad's statement that a lady was almost killed and was asking for him brought Jimmy on the run. White-faced he tore his way through the increasing crowd of curious people to come to a dead stop when he perceived the situation.

"It's only Miss Pettit," he growled in mingled relief and disappointment. "I thought it was you."

"We must get her home, Jimmy," pleaded Nell. "She says she won't go in an ambulance. Please call a cab."

"The ambulance is plenty good for her," he growled, though to them the ambulance was but a shade less disgraceful than the patrol wagon. "Didn't she talk to you like you were a dog this afternoon?"

"Get a cab for me," pleaded Nell, and Jimmy turned away.

It was not far to Miss Pettit's boarding place, and Nell hustled about making the tiny hall room more comfortable. Jimmy stuck doggedly, too, waiting to take Nell home. Miss Pettit sank back on the bed with a sigh.

"That will do very well," she said faintly. The doctor will bandage my ankle and then the girl will put me to bed. You were very good to me, my dear."

"It's all right," said Nell, coldly, as she turned to go, but Miss Pettit caught her hand.

"Wait a minute," she said. "I want to tell you something. Jimmy, here, gave me a letter to hand you some weeks ago. I wasn't going to have any flirting in my room, so I didn't give it to you. Jimmy is a good boy, my dear, and here it is."

She sank back upon the pillow as Jimmy sprang forward. In his excitement he had forgotten Miss Pettit and his wrath against her. Now he only realized that Nell had not received his letter.

"And silence ain't a polite negative?" he asked. Nell smiled. Jimmy had loaned her some of his paper, and she recognized the phrase.

"If you want proverbs, Mr. Nelson," she said primly, "I can give you a better quotation. 'Faint heart never won fair lady.' Ask me to my face like a man, an' mebbe I'll say 'Yes.'"

A FETCHING LITTLE ONE-PIECE APRON.

One-piece aprons are much in demand these days, and one which is as attractive as any to be found is shown. This apron has its only seams under the arms, the shoulder portions being cut on a fold of the goods. The square neck is most becoming, while the sleeve caps in real Mandarin style are decidedly a la mode. The apron may be belted as shown, or worn without any detention at the waist line. The usual apron materials are suitable for use here. 2 yards, 36 inches wide being needed for the apron in medium size.

Sizes, 4, 6, 8, 10, and 12 years.

A pattern of this may be obtained by inclosing 10 cents in stamps and addressing Pattern Department, The Washington Herald, 734 Fifteenth street northwest, giving number (2504) and size wanted.

Last Night at the Playhouses

The New National—Olga Nethersole in Clyde Fitch's "Sapho."

A large audience gathered at the New National Theater last night to see Olga Nethersole and her London company open the week's engagement in repertory. The play last night was Clyde Fitch's four-act drama, made from Alphonse Daudet's wonderful story of "Sapho." It is with this play that Miss Nethersole's fame as an artist of high rank is immediately associated in the American mind, for it was in this play that she first attracted wide attention. At first, it was unpleasant attention, but gradually the real merits of the play become recognized, as well as the sterling qualities of Miss Nethersole as an actress.

"Sapho" deals with a side of life that is not familiar—except in plays, perhaps—to the average theatergoer. But it is a true side, nevertheless, and though its heroine is a woman who has sinned much and loved greatly, the play emphasizes what Daudet's story showed, that in spite of sin and love and the underworld, the eternal feminine qualities that have, since the world began, helped to raise men to the heights, still persist and cannot be subdued. The fine mother feeling that is in the heart of every woman is found here, and in spite of all that Fanny Le Grand has experienced—in spite of Dechelette, in spite of Flamant, in spite of Caoudal, in spite of the fresh country lad, Jean Gaussin—she is to the very end a true, loving woman, capable of great sacrifice.

For Daudet and Fitch, too, make it wonderfully clear that Sapho is not a sinner by choice. What she is she has become by drifting. First one man, then another—"they are all beasts," she says. The fault has never been wholly hers. If she has sinned, it is because there was always a helping hand along the primrose path. When she meets Jean, and he loves her, she cannot bear to tell him of the past. Fain would she be as innocent as he. When, afterward, he begins to find out, and says: "You seem to have had ten existences, and I knew nothing of any of them."

"My dear," she answers, and the answer is sincere, "I just began to live when I first met you."

In spite of all that had gone before, the real woman in Fanny Le Grand had never had a chance to awake. Jean, had he been a stronger, more loving man, could have molded this soul to his will and she could have helped him to be great. But the precipices she trod with steady head made him giddy; he feared always, it seemed, to fall, and thought with timid longing of the old country home and his country sweetheart, Irene.

The play shows those who see it that the choice is for us all to make. It shows the contrast between worldly wisdom and innocent homeliness—the clear face of youth and honesty and mild happiness, against the world and the flesh and the devil. On one side, living for the future, but on a lower plane; on the other side, striving for the heights and battling with the pleasures of the world, the joys of the fleeting to-day; as Sapho says, "Dead Sea fruit!"

It is a strong play and an interesting one; a play to make one think; a play that lets the audience see for a time the very hearts of men and women who love—not wisely, but too well.

In the part of Fanny Le Grand, Miss Olga Nethersole does some marvelous acting. Impressive always, deeply emotional; wonderfully pathetic and touching. She has the power of making her audience feel with her; ache to revenge her wrongs. Injured and fighting for her very soul, she is tigerish in her rage; broken-hearted and pleading with all her heart, she moves every one to intensest sympathy. There was a world of pathos in the scene between herself and Jean (Mr. Frank Mills). "What a life!" he cries, as they clash, in one of their quarrels, and meaning to reproach her with her past.

"Do you think I choose it?" she almost screams. It is the agony of being so brutally misunderstood. Throughout the play Miss Nethersole was finely consistent and true, and her performance was an artistic treat as well as a powerful lesson.

Miss Nethersole's support this year is excellent. Mr. Frank Mills, her leading man, is a handsome man with great personal magnetism; a voice that is resonant and which he uses with considerable power, and his acting throughout was markedly in sympathy with that of the star. In the third act particularly, his emotional work was very fine. That good actor, Mr. Charles Stevenson, has little to do as Dechelette, but that he does well, of course. The Uncle Cesaire of Mr. William Clark was very intelligent comedy, and the Divonne of Miss Rosalind Ivan was clever, as was the Mme. Hettema of Miss Mary Reiph.

But altogether the support was quite adequate to the fine performance of Miss Nethersole. The play is beautifully mounted; the stage effects are well managed, and after every act last night Miss Nethersole and her players received curtain calls. To-night the performance will be Pinero's masterpiece, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray."

Ezra Kendall in "Swell Elegant Jones" at the Columbia.

An old friend and his old hat were warmly greeted at the Columbia Theater last night, and it is hard to say which of the two was more familiar or toward which the audience felt the more friendly. Ezra Kendall is fortunate in being the possessor of that peculiar form of homely, mellow humor which never grows stale. There is always just enough of Ezra Kendall and his unctious sallies and aphorisms—never too much. If he overdid the thing, there would soon be vacancies in the ranks of his admirers, but he never does. In the midst of his brightest moments, he walks off the stage, or the curtain drops, and nothing is left but the laughter.

Last night he cheered every one with his usual persuasive manner, and gave a most laughable monologue between acts, which, with the assistance of the old hat, above mentioned, cocked at various angles, to add expression, varied so little from those with which he has grown identified that it was all that could be desired.

The play in which Mr. Kendall appears, "Swell Elegant Jones," we believe the programme states, is pretty nearly lost sight of while he is on the stage, and perhaps deservedly so. When he is not in evidence there is practically nothing doing. But it doesn't matter, as he is what the audience goes to see, and Herbert Hall Winslow, who wrote the play, probably realizes that his work is only a background for the peculiar talents of a favored individual, who possesses a following—a new peg on which to hang the old hat.

A thoroughly amused crowd left the Columbia last night, and a completely satisfied one. It had come to enjoy an evening with Ezra Kendall, and it had not been disappointed. As for the rest—but Kendall is enough.

"The Military Octette," Sears, the Illusionist, and Others at Chase's.

The bill at Chase's this week is made especially entertaining by the best musical act that has so far been evolved for the delectation of jaded variety house patrons. This is the "Military Octette," re-enforced by the "Girl with the Baton." The Octette consists of able-bodied men possessing considerable versatility and unusual ability as performers on various kinds of horns. The "Girl" is Mabel Keith, who temporarily usurps the place of the regular orchestra director and proceeds to put the "Octette" through exceedingly lively musical paces of the martial order. The work of both "Girl" and Octette is unusually good. Two comely maidens with thinking parts and many costumes add to the attractiveness of the scenery.

Sears, the illusionist, is clever, but has no new tricks to offer. The Elinore Sisters, with their patter talk, kept the audience shouting during their act. Much of the laughter, however, was due to the comical work of one of the pair. Her full name is not given on the bill, but it ought to be. She is very funny.

The Zazell and Vernon Company presents a comic pantomime, and Harry Lester contributes the best imitation yet seen of George Cohan, together with other pieces of mimicry and songs and dances.

Grace Childers and Walt-Terry and Nellie Elmer complete the bill.

"Faust" Well Rendered at Majestic.

The Kathryn Purnell stock company began its third week at the Majestic yesterday, before an appreciative audience, in "Faust." The scenery, which forms one of the entertaining qualities of the play, was adequate, although it might be beautified by new material. Nevertheless, the performance was a signal success from a dramatic standpoint.

Mr. Abbey, as Mephisto, won the honors of the performance. This is unquestionably the best piece of acting he has done since the company began its engagement here. Mr. Chase was excellent as Faust, and his work throughout the play was of a very high order. Miss Purnell played Marguerite to the enchantment of the audience. She is steadily growing in favor, and her characterization of the innocent peasant girl was captivating. Jeff W. Murphy gave a good account of himself as Valentine, the soldier brother of Marguerite. The remainder of the company gave adequate support.

J. Louis Scrivener, N. B. Hunter, Harry A. Chick, and D. B. Galleher, a clever quartet of Washington boys, were a new addition to the company this week. They were cast in minor roles and furnished the vocal numbers during the action of the play.

Extravaganza Liked at Lyceum.

Although the two-act burletta, "The Other Fellow," contains only commonplace comedy situations, Williams' Ideal Extravaganza Company was thoroughly enjoyed by large and appreciative audiences at the New Lyceum yesterday. Frank O'Brien and Clayton Frye proved excellent comedians, even if their comedy at times did droop toward coarseness, and Kathryn Klare headed the feminine contingent in an acceptable manner. Many of her songs were warmly encored. The female minstrels introduced during the action of the second part met with approval.

The specialties of the different members of the company were of ordinary merit. Frank O'Brien contributed a nonsensical conglomeration of songs and jokes; other specialties were The International Musical Trio, in a musical skit; Ali and Peyser, as comedy acrobats, and Dora Taylor, in a dancing specialty.

Report Erroneous.

All season tickets bought and paid for on account of the Masonic Fair will figure in the disposition of the numerous gifts which are in the hands of the board of control. The report is erroneous that tickets will not be honored in connection with these gifts unless the auditor's coupon is first deposited with the officers of the board. Tickets are good regardless of what is done with this coupon. There was an interview with B. F. Smith, president of the board, to this effect in the Monday papers. His statements in that interview have since been indorsed by unanimous vote of the board of control at one of its regular meetings. Season tickets to the Fair, entitling the holders to a voice in the disposition of the $5,000 house on Irving street northwest, an upright piano, a solid porcelain bath tub, and two roll-top desks and chairs, may be purchased at 1425 New York avenue northwest, the board of control's downtown headquarters, and at the city drug stores. These tickets are cheaper than single admissions to Convention Hall.

FROM WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW.

These are the days when work should be planned to allow women all the outdoor life that can be managed through the daylight hours. Pleasant days are alluring, and it is not weakness to give in to the charm of Nature at a season when the whole system needs her ministration.

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There are home tasks looming in the future, mending and cleaning and the like, but there are sure to be unpleasant days when there is no charm outdoors, and those are the opportunities for getting rid of distasteful duties without sacrifice. Stocking-mending is a bugbear to the ordinary woman, and a rainy day can make it no worse. I know homes where the two are combined with satisfaction, just as fancy work is reserved for leisure moments and social gatherings.

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House cleaning is rather exacting, but it can be managed to leave a part of the day for pleasant things. The old system of keeping everlastingly at it, with weary muscles, picked-up meals, and a total disregard for personal appearance, is fast disappearing, largely through masculine disapproval, I fancy. There are many men like the one whose wife told me had a trick of finding important business engagements on the days when left-overs are served. Being a small family there were foods that had to be served a second time to avoid waste, but he wanted none of them.

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Men like well-ordered homes and tidy wives, but they shrink from contact with any of the details. Home is the one place where they do not want to "see the wheels go round," so wise women spare the feelings of husbands, fathers, and brothers by cleaning house on the installment plan, sewing when there are no men about, and keeping themselves as fresh and attractive as circumstances permit. The guardian of the purse-strings must be appeased if comfort is to reign in the household, and it is not such a difficult task in most cases.

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The new method of housecleaning has many advantages, since it leaves less to be done in the spring and fall. Closets are inspected too frequently to need more than ordinary attention, and rugs are beaten at odd times, when they need it and not when custom demands. The cellar is put in condition directly after the furnace fire is extinguished for good and all, and there are no attics, in the ordinary sense of the word. We have had to make work lighter and easier because help is of such an uncertain quality, a good thing for us, without doubt.

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A woman who does her own housework from preference, ends the day with less fatigue than many housewives who have one assistant. She has a kitchen cabinet, a coal range, and a gas stove, and a stool just high enough to allow her to sit comfortably before the ironing table. Her house is as neat as wax, and she has more spare time than any woman I can call to mind. Her husband has never ceased to marvel at her and her achievements, but system and thought are responsible for it all. It cannot be very comfortable for a man to go home from a hard day's work to find disorder, a tired woman, and picked-up meals. Left-overs can be disguised, you know, and dainty table appointments and an air of serenity will cover many shortcomings of the larder. The majority of men dislike the bustle of home dressmaking and should be spared that ordeal—and a few others.

BETTY BRADEEN.

"NOAH'S ARK" WELL RECEIVED

New Musical Comedy Sprightly and of Unique Mold.

Baltimore, Md., April 22.—"Noah's Ark," in which Hary Bulger is the star, had its premiere at the Academy of Music tonight before an audience that filled the house and received the play with marked approval. It is the initial effort of Clare Kummer, a new author in the musical comedy field, and is a distinct departure from the stereotyped form of plot and environment.

Though biblical in name and introducing the attractive figures of childhood days—Noah, the ark, the animals, Noah's sons and their wives—the author has made use of the librettist's license to people the ark and Mount Ararat also with other characters, which, though they may not have been necessary in the post-diluvian period, add picturesqueness and variety to the stage version of the story.

Harry Bulger's broad fun-making propensities have ample scope in the role of "Bill," the bo'sun of the Ark, and his songs, "Reincarnation" and "There's a Lot of Things That Noah Never Knew," received encore after encore.

Others prominent in the cast are Sallie Fisher, who for several seasons won renown as a prima donna in the Dillingham forces; Maida Snyder, who was the Cupid in Klaw and Erlanger's "The White Cat;" Stanley Forde, Edwin Wilson, William Murphy, Dan Williams, and Hattie Arnold.

Musical numbers that bid fair to become great successes are "Down by the Sea," "Mary, Come Down," "Rosebud," "My Very Own," and "Wilderness," the last two being sung by Miss Sallie Fisher.